


ONE MORE SONG

an Album for Club Passim



Rory Block • Carrie Newcomer • Vance Gilbert • Diane Zeigler • Christine Lavin
Bill Staines & Jeanie Stahl • The Burns Sisters • Kristina Olsen • Mary McCaslin
Kallet, Epstein & Ciccone • Tom Paxton with Geoff Bartley • Catie Curtis
Guy Van Duser & Billy Novick • Rosi & Brian Amador



JUST BELOW STREET LEVEL, IN AN ALLEYWAY IN HARVARD SQUARE, IS CLUB PASSIM.

On the site of the legendary Club 47, the room is filled most nights with folk music of one kind or another, performed by a dazzling diversity of artists for an attentive audience. This album contains new songs and performances by many of today's top singer-songwriters and folk musicians.

All of the performances and labor involved in producing this album were donated. Proceeds from the sale of this album will benefit the Folk Community Trust Fund of the Folk Arts Network, Inc., which provides support to needy members of the folk community and to Club Passim.

1. CARRIE NEWCOMER *Amelia, Almost Thirteen* 3:16
2. CATIE CURTIS *On The Phone With My Sister* 3:14
3. ROSI & BRIAN AMADOR *Sólo el amor* 3:58
4. VANCE GILBERT *Icarus By Night* 2:40
5. DIANE ZEIGLER *You Were Welcome Here* 4:47
6. BILL STAINES & JEANIE STAHL *Sweet Sunny South* 3:35
7. CHRISTINE LAVIN *The Voice On The Relaxation Tape* 4:18
8. THE BURNS SISTERS *Surrender* 4:50
9. RORY BLOCK *Mississippi Bottom Blues* 2:24
10. KRISTINA OLSEN *The Last Time You Said Goodbye* 2:43
11. MARY McCASLIN *The Trees They Grow High* 3:31
12. KALLET, EPSTEIN & CICONE *Psalm of Life* 2:11
13. TOM PAXTON WITH GEOFF BARTLEY *The Water Is Wide* 2:55
14. GUY VAN DUSER & BILLY NOVICK *Every Little Moment* 5:11



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Amelia, Almost Thirteen 3:16
(Carrie Newcomer, BMI)
2. **CATIE CURTIS**
On The Phone With My Sister 3:14
(Catie Curtis/Water Tower Music, ASCAP)
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(copyright control)
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The Last Time You Said Goodbye 2:43
(Kristina Olsen/ Take a Break Publishing, ASCAP)

11. **MARY McCASLIN**
The Trees They Grow High 3:31
(traditional)
12. **KALLET, EPSTEIN & CICONE**
Psalm of Life 2:11
(traditional tune, lyric by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)
13. **TOM PAXTON WITH GEOFF BARTLEY**
The Water Is Wide 2:55
(traditional, arr. by Tom Paxton & Geoff Bartley)
14. **GUY VAN DUSER & BILLY NOVICK**
Every Little Moment 5:11
(Billy Novick/Daring Music, ASCAP)

Catie Curtis appears courtesy of Guardian Records.
Bill Staines appears courtesy of Red House Records.
Jeanie Stahl appears courtesy of Daring Records.
Christine Lavin appears courtesy of Shanachie Entertainment Corp.
Tom Paxton appears courtesy of Sugar Hill Records.
Guy Van Duser & Billy Novick appear courtesy of Daring Records.

BY THE TIME BOB AND RAE ANNE DONLIN

first set foot in Passim, it was already holy ground. It had been the final home for the legendary '60s folk mecca Club 47, which is how it got its odd address: 47 Palmer Street, even though for years it was the only address on the block. It's overstating the case to call it a street anyway, this thin alleyway separating the two buildings of the Harvard Coop department store. As the story goes, when Club 47 was relocated from 47 Mt. Auburn St., no address had been given to the tiny basement space.

"You want to be Zero or One?" asked the city of Cambridge "If we get to pick," responded Club 47 manager Jim Rooney, "can we be 47?" Cambridge being Cambridge, the authorities said, "Sure, why not?"

After the slow, sad demise of Club 47, the Harvard Square basement space became McCarthy for President headquarters, then a combination bookstore-coffeehouse called Passim, named by its founders, Walter and Renee Juda, for the literary term meaning "here and there throughout the book." The Donlins, in the market for just such a coffeehouse, managed and then bought the place.

One fateful day, they decided it would be nice to have a Spanish guitarist on the small outdoor patio. Once the sounds of guitar music again wafted upwards from old number 47, the ghosts awoke. That's how Rae Anne always imagined it: ghosts in the walls that

would not let Passim be anything but a folk music club. Folksingers and Club 47 refugees came begging them to resume folk music there. Veteran Harvard Square bluesman Chris Smither remembers attending the very first concert at Passim, and Bob shouting gaily, "Awright, go tell your friends we're gonna have music here again. We're all gonna be rich!"

Well, hardly, but the folk club took off like a rocket. Throughout most of the '70s, Passim was virtually the only game in town for acoustic music. The glitterati of '70s folk fame nearly all played there: Steve Goodman, John Prine, Martin Mull, John Hartford, Maria Muldaur, David Bromberg, Norman and Nancy Blake, Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee, Jim Ringer & Mary McCaslin and, of course, perennial local favorites Bill Staines, Smither, Guy Van Duser & Billy Novick, Mason Daring & Jeanie Stahl.

Increasingly, the Donlins forged their own indelible imprint onto the personality of Passim - and modern folk music itself. They were not '60s folkies, really, but cut from the earlier renegade stock of the beat generation. In fact, Bob Donlin was an old drinking buddy of novelist Jack Kerouac, featured occasionally in his writings as Bob or Rob Donnelly. Rae Anne counts among her most cherished memories an Allen Ginsburg reading at Passim made even more mystical by a blizzard that darkened the lights.

The Donlins loved music, yes, but even more they loved words. They had, after all, not bought a folk club/coffeehouse but a book store/coffeehouse. While they welcomed many types of acoustic music to

Passim, they had a particular penchant for literate, invitingly melodic singer-songwriters. As the years went on, a certain personality of Passim performer emerged. Above all else, the Passim performer was, as were the Donlins, devoted to the audience.

In 1986, Bob described the Passim performer to me for a Boston Globe article. "The really successful performers at Passim love to entertain," he said. "Some people think there's something wrong with folk music as entertainment. That's never been true here. The great ones aren't baring their souls in public or delivering musical lectures - they always want to go get 'em."

Still, there was a certain confidentiality, honest intelligence and quiet charm that marked the headliners of the late '70s and early '80s; such circuit-riding folk stars as Claudia Schmidt, Rory Block, Garnet Rogers, Greg Brown, Patty Larkin, Bill Morrissey, Christine Lavin. The system that turned Passim into a legendary starmaker club emerged.

Every weekend, the headliner played one or two shows Friday, two shows Saturday, a live afternoon radio show and evening concert on Sunday. Always, there was an opening act. What Bob called his "payday system" built one performer on the shoulders of another on the shoulders of another. Nanci Griffith opened for Bill Staines, Greg Brown opened for Claudia Schmidt, Suzanne Vega opened for Bill Morrissey. After awhile, John Gorka opened for Nanci Griffith, Shawn Colvin opened for Suzanne Vega, Carrie Newcomer opened for Greg Brown, and so on. Each headliner would bring along another. "It's like a buddy

system," Rae Anne said for the same Globe article.

Sets were scrupulously timed by Bob Donlin. He sat at the back of the club, constantly checking his watch, pacing near set's end, then furiously waving his index finger to signal one more song. That same finger then sometimes pointed performers back on stage for an encore. Bob's finger became as much a part of the Passim legend as the notoriously close-quartered dressing room and brief sound checks. "Oh, we know what you sound like," Bob cheerfully told performers desiring any but the briefest mike checks.

The Passim audience became as famous as the club itself. They always showed up in time for opening acts and loved to watch newcomers blossom into headliners almost as much as the Donlins did. On full nights, the seats were knee-close, and long waits along the narrow stairwell were often endured. The audience came to expect a certain combination of intelligence, honest showmanship, and lyrical musicality that defined the Passim performer. They expected something *special* to happen in the up-close confines of Passim, and performers worked hard not to disappoint.

The Donlins turned the reins over to a non-profit group after celebrating their 25th anniversary as Passim owners. It is Club Passim now, renamed to honor the Donlins' legacy as well as the Club 47 ghosts who still sing softly from the walls. Bob passed away in February, 1996, at the age of 72.

The artists included here exemplify the Donlins' vision of the Passim performer and sing on this benefit

album both to honor them and to help see their legacy continue. The tracks seem tenderly chosen: thoughtful, pretty, crowd-charming songs these Passim favorites might have sung to please Bob and Rae Anne after Bob's stiff finger had softened, and, suddenly smiling, he waved them back to his little stage for "One More Song"

Scott Alarik

April 1996

CARRIE NEWCOMER

Carrie Newcomer was a member of the Indiana acoustic trio Stone Soup before launching a solo career in 1991. She is a wonderfully expressive singer and songwriter who's secured a place as one of the finest performers on the national folk scene. Her most recent album is *The Bird or the Wing* (Philo 1183).

AMELIA, ALMOST THIRTEEN

We've been so close together, close from the start
As you learn to walk away take care of your heart
Don't forget your prayers and whatever you do
Whoever, wherever you are I'll love you

You're all crushes and blushes and brushes with insight
And you still sleep with your bears half of the nights
When you're ready and willing and you're of the right
mind
The right teachers come along most of the time

Born in the morning in a quiet place
You were born in the morning to take my place
We've been so close together, close from the start
And damn the first man who comes to break your
heart

You're all long legs and long hair and big wide eyes
With a hundred million questions and a thousand hundred
dred "why"s

And I wish I had the answers, but the best that I can
give
Is to be a safe place for you as long as I live

Sometimes as a grownup my strength is all sapped
And I'd give anything to sit in my own mother's lap
But she's long gone and long missed; the best I can do
Is the love that she would have given me, honey, I'll
give to you

As far as I can tell, as far as I have seen
You couldn't pay me enough money to go back to thir-
teen
When young girls will find out and get wise to the
rules
And young women do stand up and, honey, so will you

You were born in the morning in a quiet place
You were born in the morning to take my place
We've been so close together, close from the start
And damn the first man who comes to break your
heart

(© 1996 Carrie Newcomer, BMI)
Carrie Newcomer *guitar & vocal*

CATIE CURTIS

Maine native Catie Curtis touches the heart of the song
and of the listener. She wraps her voice around the
melody in a way that manages to bring out both the
strength and vulnerability of the lyric. Her most recent
album is *Truth from Lies* (Guardian, 1996).

ON THE PHONE WITH MY SISTER

I pick up the phone
It is my sister
She's crying
Nobody knows if the child is gonna be all right
I sit on the floor
And begin trying
to say something that might get her through the night

I say "Remember the days when you would save me
I was eight years old and I'd get stuck in that tree
On the church lawn and I'd be crying
And you would come up to me and you would help me
down."

Over the phone
She sounds like she's dying
Nobody knows so you can't say "It's alright"
She says I don't
think I have the kind of strength
I'm gonna need for this fight"

I say "Remember the days when you would save me
I would get myself lost and you would bring me home
If anyone knows how strong you are
It's your little sister, it's your little sister"

I can't sleep
When I worry about her
Nobody knows just how she will get through
So I turn on the light and I write in a letter
"I believe in you," I say "I say I believe in you"

So remember the days when you would save me

(© 1995 Catie Curtis/Water Tower Music, ASCAP)

Catie Curtis *acoustic guitar, vocal*

Produced by Darleen Wilson.

Recorded by Darleen Wilson at Lanaland

Remote, Salt Lake City, Utah.

ROSI & BRIAN AMADOR

Rosi & Brian Amador are the heart of Sol y Canto, the
spirited Latin band inspired by the positive energy of
the *Nueva Canción* (new song) movement. Previously,
the Amadors were founding members of the popular
performing group Flor de Caña. Their most recent
recording, with Sol y Canto, is *Sancocho* (Rounder
6055).

SOLO EL AMOR

You must love the clay between your fingers
be madly in love with its sandiness
If not, don't try to shape it, for it will be in vain.

You must love the time of the attempts,
the hour that never shines.
If not, you can never hope to touch what is real.

Debes amar la arcilla que va en tus manos,
debes amar su arena hasta la locura
y si nó, no la emprendas, que será en vano.

Sólo el amor alumbra lo que perdura
sólo el amor, convierte en milagro el barro.

Only love, only love sheds light on what's enduring.
Love is the only thing that turns clay to miracles.

Debes amar el tiempo de los intentos,
debes amar la hora que nunca brilla,
y si nó, no pretendas tocar lo cierto.

Sólo el amor engendra la maravilla
sólo el amor consigue encender lo muerto.

Love is the only thing that gives birth to wonder.
Only love, only love breathes life
into what we thought was dead.

(Silvio Rodríguez, Cuba)

Rosi Amador vocals

Brain Amador vocals & guitar

VANCE GILBERT

Vance Gilbert a is singer/songwriter blessed with a fluid guitar style and an amazing voice. He's also an engaging performer. His newest recording is *Fugitives* (Philo 1186).

ICARUS BY NIGHT

I only go up at night
When the moon is full
And the evening breezes blow
I go only high enough to see the ground below

I only go up at night
That's when no one else can see me
Being foolish - and wishing for
One more chance to do it all again

I was so much younger then
Blinded by the beauty of the sun
It looked so lovely
I just had to touch it once
Then tumbling down into the sea
Now I know - now I know

You taught me how to fly
And like any son
I wanted to make good my first impression
But words from the wise
Are wasted on the foolish and the young

Now I only go up at night
The illusion is complete
No one knows of my survival
The twilight hours are mine
And mine alone

Chorus

(Vance Gilbert/Disismye Music, ASCAP)

Vance Gilbert guitar & vocal

DIANE ZEIGLER

Vermonter Diane Zeigler's songs weave mood and story into rich cloth, and her intimate voice and intricate guitar bring each thread to life. Her most recent recording is *Sting of the Honeybee* (Philo 1174).

YOU WERE WELCOME HERE

I was really just a child myself
In the winter of '43
And my decision was the only way out
But how it has followed me
Sometimes at night when the wind is right
It can haunt my memory still
It happens every December
I think it always will
I wish I could make this clear
After so many years
You were welcome here

I wonder whether you curse me now
Thinking I never wanted you
A mother's heart can be torn right out
To give a child what he is due
And so my son what else could I have done
I make this promise to you
I wanted you to have so much more
Than I could give to you
I hope someone makes this clear
After so many years
You were welcome here

Now I imagine the man you are
Like only mothers will
Did the angels help to heal those scars
Or are they with you still
And so I swear if they could hear my prayer
They would take you under their wings
And carry you over the winter
To understanding
That after so many years
This still is clear
You were welcome here

Yes, I was really just a child myself
In the winter of '43
And my decision was the only way out
But it has always followed me

(Diane Zeigler/Zigsongs, BMI)

Diane Zeigler guitar & vocals

BILL STAINES & JEANIE STAHL

Bill Staines and Jeanie Stahl are two of the reasons that New England has become the folk music hub of North America. Jeanie's latest is *Mysteries* (Daring 3017) and Bill's is *Looking for the Wind* (Red House 79).

SWEET SUNNY SOUTH

Take me back to the place where I first saw the light
To my sweet sunny south take me home
Where the wild birds sing me to sleep every night
O why was I tempted to roam

The path to our cabin they say has grown green
And the stones are quite mossy around
And I know that the faces and forms that I love
Now lie in the cold mossy ground

Take me back to the place where the orange trees
grow
To my place in the evergreen shade
Where the flowers on the river's green margins do
grow
And share their wet scent with the glade

(traditional, arr. by Bill Staines & Jeanie Stahl)

Bill Staines *guitars & vocals*

Jeanie Stahl *vocals*

CHRISTINE LAVIN

Christine Lavin doesn't always write funny songs, but when she does they are just about the funniest being written in America today. Her most recent album is *Please Don't Make Me Too Happy* (Shanachie 8016) and she's currently recording her ninth solo album, to be called *Shining My Flashlight On The Moon*.

THE VOICE ON THE RELAXATION TAPE

(© 1995 Christine Lavin/CL², ASCAP. Worldwide rights for CL² administered by Cherry Lane Music Publishing Company.)

Christine Lavin *lead vocal*

Vin Scelsa *voice*

Recorded at the Treestar Coffeehouse, Mt.

Kisco, NY by Walt Graham.

Sound mix by Phil Miller.

Backing track produced by Peter Galway.

(Christine asked us not to print the lyrics because she says that if you listen to the song and read the lyrics at the same time you are in danger of being hypnotized.)

THE BURNS SISTERS

Annie, Jeannie and Marie Burns are three sisters from the most musical family in Ithaca, New York. Their instinctive vocal blend, laid over folk-rock roots, results in a richly satisfying emotional and musical tapestry. Their latest album is *Close to Home* (Philo 1178).

SURRENDER

The wind is calling through the trees
Calling out to me
If I seek then I shall find
And I dream of places in my life
Of love that's passed me by
All the times that I have cried

I am dancing and turning toward the sun
And I move to the beating of the drum
Life will give unto me
All I need
All that I need is here with me

I surrender to the mystery
I awaken to the beauty
I surrender to the mystery
I awaken to the beauty
I surrender to the mystery
I awaken to the beauty

My heart is weary from the fight
I long to know what's right
But my journey is not clear
I wait and listen for a sign
In rivers out of time
In the mountains and the seas

I am dancing and turning toward the sun
And I move to the beating of the drum
Echoes of voices' praise
Sing through me
Holding the light for me to see

I surrender to the mystery
I awaken to the beauty
I surrender to the mystery
I awaken to the beauty
I surrender to the mystery
I awaken to the beauty

(Annie Burns-Doug Robinson/Annie Burns Music, BMI)

Annie, Jeannie and Marie Burns *vocals*

Rich DePaolo *guitar & percussion*

Doug Robinson *bass*

Produced by Rich DePaolo.

Recorded by Rich DePaolo and Will Russell at Electric Wilburland, Ithaca, NY.

RORY BLOCK

Rory Block is acclaimed as a leading purveyor of acoustic blues as well as an outstanding contemporary singer-songwriter. This acoustic version of "Mississippi Bottom Blues" formed the basis for the electrified version which leads off her latest album *Tornado* (Rounder 3140).

MISSISSIPPI BOTTOM BLUES

Way down in Mississippi where I was bred and born
I believe that will forever be my native home

My poor mother's old and her hair is turning grey
I know it would break her heart if she found out I was
barrelhousing this a way

I'm going where the water tastes like wine
Where I can be drunk and staggering all the time

Ain't but the one thing and it worries my mind
Well there's a house full of men, ain't none of them
mine

My baby passed me and he never said a word
Nothin' I had did but 'twas something he had heard

(copyright control)

Rory Block *guitars & vocals*

KRISTINA OLSEN

Californian Kristina Olsen has traveled around the globe entertaining audiences with her multi-instrumental talents and her strong and forthright songs. Her most recent recording is *Hurry On Home* (Philo 1175).

THE LAST TIME YOU SAID GOODBYE

The last train pulled through an hour ago
The last light in our town just turned low
The last star it hid in a blanket of clouds
When you said "This is goodbye"
The last time you said goodbye

The last time we fought we made our amends
Like this town goes to sleep just to wake up again
I guess I was thinking our love had no end
When you said "This is goodbye"
The last time you said goodbye

And "It's only a shoulder wound" the heroine said
"I think I'll make it through to the end"
But it feels like your bullet shot me
Straight through the heart
When you said "This is goodbye"
The last time you said goodbye

"The last time is not the last time" all our friends say
"Time heals the wound - the pain goes away"
But I don't think I can ever love again

Since you said "This is goodbye"
The last time you said goodbye

Chorus

The last train pulled through an hour ago
It left with you and my heart all aboard
I was standing tall and straight
So that you would not know
How I cried when you said goodbye
The last time you said goodbye

(Kristina Olsen/Take a Break Publishing, ASCAP)
Kristina Olsen *guitar, concertina & vocals*

MARY McCASLIN

Mary McCaslin has been performing as a singer-songwriter since the 1970s. Her unusual covers and her evocative original songs have had a strong influence on the current scene. Her latest recording is *Broken Promises* (Philo 1160).

THE TREES THEY GROW HIGH

The trees they do grow high - the leaves they do grow
green
Many is the time my true love I've seen
Many an hour I've watched him all alone
He's young but he's daily growin'

Father, oh father, you've done to me great wrong
You've married me to a boy who is too young
I'm twice twelve and he is but fourteen
He's young but he's daily growin'

Daughter, dear daughter, I've done to you no wrong
For I've married you to a great lord's son
He'll be a man for you when I am dead and gone
He's young but he's daily growin'

One day I was lookin' o'er my father's castle wall
I spied the boys a playin' with a ball
My own true love was the flower of them all
He's young but he's daily growin'

At the age of fourteen he was a married man
At the age of fifteen the father of a son
At the age of sixteen his grave it was green
And death had put an end to his growin'

The trees they do grow high - the leaves they do grow
green
Many is the hour my true love I've seen
Many the hour I've watched him all alone
I'll watch o'er his son while he's growing

(traditional)

Mary McCaslin *guitar & vocals*

KALLET, EPSTEIN & CICONE

Kallet, Epstein & Cicone blend their distinctive voices on repertoire ranging from traditional sea shanties to contemporary ballads. Their latest album is *Only Human* (Overall Music 2).

PSALM OF LIFE

Do not speak in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem

chorus:

Life is real, life is earnest
And the grave is not the goal
Dust thou art to dust returneth
Was not spoken of the soul

Lives of all great folk remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time

(chorus)

So let us be up and doing
With a heart for any fate
Still achieving still pursuing
Learn to labor and to wait

(chorus, repeat chorus)

(traditional tune, lyric by Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow)

Cindy Kallet, Ellen Epstein & Michael Cicone
vocals

TOM PAXTON WITH GEOFF BARTLEY

Tom Paxton is one of the few songwriters on the circuit today who qualifies as a legend. He has written classics in both the folk and children's music genres. His latest album is *Wearing the Time* (Sugar Hill 1045).

THE WATER IS WIDE

The water is wide - I can't get o'er
Neither have I wings to fly
Get me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row - my love and I

I leaned my back up against an oak
Thinking it was a trusty tree
But first it bent and then it broke
And thus did my false love to me

Oh love is handsome and love is kind
Gay as a jewel when first it's new
But love grows old and it waxes cold
And fades away like the morning dew

(Traditional, arr. by Tom Paxton & Geoff Bartley)

Tom Paxton *guitar & vocals*
Geoff Bartley *guitar*

GUY VAN DUSER & BILLY NOVICK

Guy Van Duser & Billy Novick have been described as a "two-man big band." Their latest recording is *Guy & Billy* (Daring 3014) Billy wrote "Every Little Moment" as a tribute to Bob Donlin.

EVERY LITTLE MOMENT

Every little moment,
life is so divine.
Every little moment,
that's the grand design.
Every single person,
try and touch their soul.
Every incomplete,
try and make it whole.

Every little word
soon becomes a song,
and every little movement
guides your dance along.
For people seeking answers,
life leaves no great message to recall
just live every little moment,
that's all.

(Billy Novick/Daring Music, ASCAP)

Guy Van Duser *guitar*
Billy Novick *clarinet & vocals*
Produced by Mason Daring.
Co-produced by Dave Shacter.
Recorded at Daring Studios, Marblehead,
Mass.



Produced by Steve Netsky.

Associate Producer: Eric Kilburn

Recorded by Eric Kilburn at Wellspring Sound,
Concord, Mass. except:

“On The Phone With My Sister” produced and
recorded by Darleen Wilson.

“The Voice On The Relaxation Tape” recorded at
the Treestar Coffeehouse, Mt. Kisco, NY, backing
track produced by Peter Galway

“Surrender” produced by Rich DePaolo

“Every Little Moment” produced by Mason Daring,
co-produced by Dave Shacter.

Mastered by Jonathan Wyner at M Works,
Cambridge, Mass.

Photography by Jason Threlfall.

Design by Nancy Given.

Text coordination by Terry Kitchen.

Notes by Scott Alarik.

Thank you Rae Anne Donlin for, along with Bob,
providing a home for a community’s music.
Thanks also to Stephen Baird and all of Club
Passim’s volunteers and staff for keeping it going.
Thank you Howard Van Vleck for remodeling the
club. And thanks also to the members of the Board
of Directors of Club Passim.

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